WORKERS PARTY OF CANADA
ENGLISH BRANCH

The Master Assassins of Russia

A SATIRE

BASED UPON THE GROTESQUE REPORTS CONCERNING THE BOLSHEVIKI LEADERS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS, APPEARING IN THE COLUMNS OF THE DAILY PRESS

By "HAMISH"

WORKERS PARTY OF CANADA
ENGLISH BRANCH

THE MASTER ASSASSINS OF RUSSIA

A SATIRE

BASED UPON THE GROTESQUE REPORTS CONCERNING THE BOLSHEVIKI LEADERS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS, APPEARING IN THE COLUMNS OF THE DAILY PRESS

By "HAMISH"

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

DIGGON PRINTING COMPANY
VICTORIA, B.C.
1919

PREFACE

By "THE OWL"

SATIRE in all ages has been one of the best antidotes for exaggeration. When a person gets into the habit of overstating things a good wholesome dose of satire acts like an emetic and quickly brings him back to the normal.

In the following pages the writer has succeeded admirably in bringing into ridicule the grotesquely absurd exaggerations of the daily press in its reports of happenings in Russia.

That that unfortunate country has been, and is still, passing through a period of serious disturbances no one for a moment will doubt.

That a certain amount of violence and bloodshed has taken place is also no doubt true. No event such as the Russian Revolution could possibly take place without such things; but that the number and extent of them should amount to anything like what is given out in the press reports, or that the whole of them is blameable on the Bolsheviki is preposterous.

If press reports are true there has already been more lives lost in the Russian revolution than in the whole of the Great War, and more money spent in diabolical propaganda work than exists in the whole world today.

And the sublime infamy of the attitude of the press is in the fact that the real humanitarian objects of the Bolsheviki have been entirely ignored; their avowed aims have never been disclosed.

Nothing but abuse has been showered upon them and no information giving their side of the question has been permitted to appear in the press during the whole of their efforts to establish order and justice in their country.

The writer of this satire is now at work upon another book giving the real truth about Russia insofar as it can be obtained, and presented in an entirely different way.

Victoria, B. C.,
February 6th, 1919.

The Master Assassins of Russia

CHAPTER I.

THE COMRADES AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT.

THE master assassins were engaged in animated discussion. The room they occupied was formerly the private study of Nicholas Romanoff.

As I beheld the grim couple I shuddered! Could these hideous types of, shall I say, humanity (I hesitate to use the word) be part of God's creation? Surely not!

Picture, if you will, dear reader, those double-dyed villians as I first saw them on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. In the matter of general physique, they had little in common. They were dressed differently, excepting in one respect, namely, that both sported huge red ties. Lurid red handkerchiefs protruded from their coat pockets.

Leon Trotsky was wearing one of Nick Romanoff's best sporting suits. The sleeves were too short and the whole suit was obviously a bad misfit.

Nicholai Lenine was dressed in sporting pants, dress vest and morning coat—likewise, presumably Romanoff's property.

But both bore one striking characteristic. Cruelty, avarice, gluttony, debauchery and general villainy stamped their every feature, their every gesture and their every movement.

It would be impossible to visualize more telling exampl of villainy than those two personifications of frightfulne presented.

Trotsky displayed a wild, unkempt crop of hair and wretched apology for a mustache. His co-assassin, Lenin possessed a different type of face, if anything more cru than that of his colleague.

It was obvious that neither ever troubled to wash.

A decided atmosphere of red pervaded the room. Th wall paper was red. The chairs were upholstered in brigh red cloth. Red flags were everywhere. Even the ligh globes were of ruby glass, and red ink was used exclusivel The only article of furniture not entirely red was the carpe and even that, when I think of it, was nearly, if no alto gether, red. Where the original pattern did not show th prevailing color, bloodstains supplied the omission.

CHAPTER II.

A VISITOR.

"HAS Lopemoff reported yet, Nick?" Trotsky inquire of his comrade.

"Not yet, Trot," replied Lenine, at the same tim reaching for the vodka bottle.

"Oh, there he comes!" announced Trot, as a heavy foot step was heard approaching along the corridor.

A huge, bearded man, with blood-shot eyes and, of course a red tie, entered.

"'Morning, Lop," said Lenine. "What luck today, ol sport?"

"Good," replied the other, with a wicked leer, as h fumbled at the blood-stained knife which hung by his side with his bloody and dirt-begrimed paws.

Get them?" interrogated Nick.

"Sure thing," he said. "Caught them nicely."

"The proof?" suggested Trot.

"There you are!" Lop triumphantly announced, as h pulled from his pocket a couple of human noses and laid them on the table before the arch-villians.

Trot fumbled them affectionately.

"Good lad!" he said, as he tossed the "proofs" into the waste paper basket, "Have a drink."

He handed him the vodka bottle.

Lop drained it to the dregs and asked for more. Nick complied by passing him a full bottle. Lop emptied it.

"Gimme a couple more bottles," he requested. "This here assassination job demands a stimulant. Thanks, comrade, I'll take 'em home."

Trot handed him a roll of roubles, and a card.

Lop scrutinized the card.

Four men and their wives!" he exclaimed. "Guess I'll get 'em in bed. Pretty big job, you know."

"All right," Trot agreed, "so long as you do get 'em. Have another drink."

"So long, comrades," he said, as he left.

"So long, Lop; and don't forget their noses," Trot shouted after him as he disappeared.

"This 'nose' business is a great stunt, Nick," observed Trotsky when Lop was out of hearing. "The son-of-a-gun was 'padding' his report, so I hit upon this scheme."

"Capital! Great Idea" said Lenine, approvingly, as he consumed another bottle of the national beverage.

CHAPTER III.

AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT.

"THERE'S another hundred death warrants to sign, Nick," said Trotsky, handing his colleague a bundle of documents. "And when you have finished there's an important matter I want to discuss with you."

Lenine signed the warrants and handed them back.

"Well, what's yer game, Trot?" he inquired.

"Listen," said that worthy, "I'll tell you. But, first pass me the dope."

Nick asquiesced, after first having helped himself.

"It's about the appointment of a professor to the Chair of Attrocity in the University of Moscow," Trot explained,

"and I'm in a devil of a fix. There are two aspirants to the honor. Both are experienced and thoroughly competent; so what the deuce am I to do?"

"Who are the guys?" queried Lenine.

"One is Comrade Bulliokoff, former executioner-in-chief and torture specialist in the Nevski fortress. The other is Comrade Cutteminheff, at one time the head push and killer-in-chief in the Volga abbatoir. What both don't know about killing, and the delicate refinements necessary to a real, up-to-the-minute democratic massacre ain't worth knowing. I can't cut the chair in halves and give 'em each a piece. I tell ye, Nick, it's a pretty tough proposition. What d'ye think about it?"

"Tell you what," retorted Nick, "I'd give it to neither. Why not offer it to some other specialist. There are lots of 'eligibles' you know. What price old Lop, for instance?"

"Lop's all right, but 'e ain't refined enough. It wants a guy with a bit of polish to fill a professor's chair. No, I guess he won't do."

For a couple of minutes Nick was silent. Then, reaching for a bottle of "stimulants, he said—between gulps—,

"Trot,—I think—I—I have it."

"Yes," said his colleague eagerly, "What?"

"Make 'em compete for the job. Put them through an examination."

"Examination, you simp! Are you aware that neither can read nor write?"

"That don't cut no particular ice in an affair of this kind, Trot. What I mean is: put 'em to a practical test."

"Good!" exclaimed Trot. "I'll get 'em on the phone."

"Hello, central; gimme Skidoo 23. Yes." (Pause, during which he fortifies himself with another 'drop'). "Hello! that you, Cutteminheff? Trotsky speaking. ' Say, Cut, Nick and I have been discussing this 'ere professorship business. . . . Yes. . . . Well, Nick thinks— and so do I—that we'd better settle the matter by having a competition. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Oh, yes, there is. Bully's after the job. What? No need for a competition? What d'ye mean, man? . . . Oh, 'guess you'd better come 'round and explain. . . . Yes, right now. . . . All right."

"Can't make it out," said Trot, looking perplexed, and hanging up the receiver. "Cut says there ain't no need for an exam.—says he's already got the job."

"Funny!" muttered Nick.

"Oh, here he comes," exclaimed Trotsky, as a dark-visaged figure entered, his ferocious countenance relaxing into a broad grin as he eyed the row of bottles."

"Hello, Cut,—glad you've come. Sit down," said Trot. "Yes, certainly. Help yourself." Cutteminheff reached for a bottle and emptied it in record time.

"Now, explain yourself, you blood-thirsty old reprobate," said Lenine, grinning.

"And be quick about it," observed Trotsky, noticing that Cut's eyes were still rivetted to the vodka bottles.

"Well, comrades, it's like this 'ere. You says as 'ow this 'ere professor's job is to be settled by competition. Well, the competition has been held, and I've won," he announced, with a hellish grin.

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Nick.

Cut consumed the contents of another bottle, helped himself to a mouthful of pickles and continued:

"I 'appened to 'ear as 'ow Bully was after the job. 'This won't do,' says I to myself. So I sets out to look 'im up. I found 'im—I found 'im!" he repeated, with a significant wink.

"Yes. Go on," urged Trot.

"Well, as I said, there ain't no need for a competition now, 'cos there's only one applicant. There ain't no more Comrade Bulliokoff."

"What! Mean to say you killed 'im?" ejaculated Lenine.

"Sure!" he triumphantly replied.

"Bully for you!" shouted Trot.

"Capital stroke of genius!" exclaimed Nick, as both jumped to their feet and embraced him.

"The job 's yours, Cut. Here's a year's salary in advance, and good luck to you!" said Trotsky, handing him a wad of bills.

"Thanks, comrade; thanks. You can depend upon me to make good. Good day, comrades."

With that he left, slipping a few bottles of the 'stuff' into his capacious pockets, unobserved by the two bosses, who were busily engaged 'celebrating' his appointment.

"The competition has been held and I've won."

WORKERS PARTY OF CANADA
ENGLISH BRANCH

CHAPTER IV.
MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN.

"TROT, you dem' fool," said Lenine, as he entered, "wot's this you've done now?"

"What d'ye mean?" growled the other, evidently anticipating something.

"Them death warrants, you simp. D'ye know that about fifty of them were 'reds'?"

"Sure, I know."

"Well, what are you gonna do about it? There'll be the dickens to pay!"

"Oh, no; there won't!"

"Why, what have you done? Squared somebody?"

"No!"

"Well, what d'ye propose doin' anyway?"

"Nothing at all," rapped Trot. "Accidents will happen. Can't be helped sometimes." Then, after a pause, he added:

"When I come to think of it, had we not better frame up an 'accidents compensation bill' for cases of this kind? Some of the relatives may raise a kick. But, anyway, why should they? Them guys as was killed by accident was martyrs—martyrs in a great cause!

"Supposin' you, Nick, was a brother o' mine and was 'finished' in mistake for a pork packer, wouldn't that be a red-letter day in the Trotsky family! Ha, ha, ha!"

Lenine merely grinned.

Both had recourse to the pickle jar and consumed copious draughts of the fire-water.

CHAPTER V.
MY LADY ASSASSIN.

"SAY, Trot, what d'ye think? Old Lop has got an assistant," announced Lenine.

"No!" exclaimed Trot in surprise. "An assistant! Who is he?"

"'Tain't no 'he'; it's a 'she'," was Nick's retort.

"A woman! Well, wouldn't that kill ye! Lop sure is some genius. Who is she, anyhow?"

"Her terrible face broke into a broad grin."

"I was on my way beck from lunch," replied Lenine, when I met Lop. The dame, he told me, used to be a corporal in the Battalion of Death. Gee, but he declares he sure is some kid! They're coming here this afternoon to arrange about salary and other details."

Suddenly there was a noise, as if a whole regiment of dragoons was advancing along the corridor and accompanied by a clanking of steel.

Both comrades-in-chief jumped to their feet in alarm.

"Heavens, Trot, what's coming!" exclaimed Lenine.

No sooner had he uttered the words than the door opened and in walked Lopemoff, followed by his burly assistant. And what an assistant! Lop stood over six feet in his shoes, but she actually topped him by at least twelve inches. And she was proportionately broad!

As to her face, it almost beggared description. An enormously heavy under jaw, a cruel, firmly set mouth, a retrousse nose decidedly out of alignment, a pair of huge, leering eyes that protruded almost beyond her eyebrows, all combined to produce a cast of countenance fit to terrify the great arch-fiend himself.

Her sallow complexion, marked at intervals with ugly red blotches, harmonized completely with the general contour of her diabolical features.

No wonder Nick and Trot quaked. But the worst was not yet. Looking straight at the great master criminals, her terrible face broke into a broad grin, revealing two rows of enormous teeth, profusely filled with gold, and, inset in the two upper incisors with a pair of huge, sparkling diamonds! Nick sank into his chair and then made a grab for the stimulant. Trot followed his example.

Lop, proudly conscious of the impression his protege had created, and assuming a theatrical pose, delivered himself as follows:

"Comrades, behold in this here kid Comrade ex-corporal Amazonita Knockemdedski, heroine of the Battalion of Death! As a real, live, husky assassin, comrades, I can recommend her. No order too big, none too small, for Amy. She's right on the job. Look! She's got a 'snicker-snee' for every kind of assignment you care to hand her," he said,

pointing to the formidable array of business-like 'implements' suspended from her waist belt. "But let Amy speak for herself," he added, taking his seat.

Amy strutted forward, and, in a voice that sounded like the roar of an express train passing over a steel bridge, thus addressed the bosses:

"Comrades! (Both Nick and Trot started almost out of their skins). If yer wants to know my record, 'ere it is," she said, brandishing a blood-stained document and pointing to it with one of the implements of her profession.

"Two grand dukes, ten princes, and two thousand bourgeosie and other small fry. And all this in two weeks!"

"Marvellous!" ejaculated Trot.

"Prodigious!" exclaimed Lenine.

Meanwhile old Lop was devoting his attention exclusively to the vodka barrel.

"I'm a powerful kid, comrades," she continued. "Would you like me to give a demonstration?"

Without waiting for a reply, she pounced behind the two bosses and, seizing each by the collar, shot them upwards and downwards like a pair of dumb-bells, their heads bumping the roof every time she shot them up.

"For God's sake lemme go!" yelled Trot.

Dropping each into his respective chair and standing before them, her arms akimbo, she said, "Now, comrades, d'ye think I can fill the bill?"

The two chiefs were almost prostrated.

"Yes—yes—yes—YES!" gasped Lenine.

"Sure!" assented Trot. "How much d'ye want?"

"Two hundred per," she boldly announced.

"Per what? Week or head?" queried Trot.

"Per day." she replied.

"All right. Here's ten thousand in advance," said Trot, his heart still palpitating.

"Say, kid; have a drink before you go," said Lenine, proffering her the bottle.

"No sir; nothing doing! I'm a total abstainer," she thundered, as she strutted out, followed by old Lop.

[redacted]

"Say, Nick, I don't like that dame," Trot said, when they had gone. "She's a dangerous party, she is. 'Guess we'll have to get rid of her. But how? That's the puzzle. I don't know anybody as would tackle the job."

"I know," said Nick, bending over and whispering in his colleague's ear, "POISON!"

CHAPTER VI.

DIPLOMATIC TERMINOLOGY.

LENINE chuckled as he perused a lengthy document just received from a local foreign diplomat.

"What's the matter, old sport?" demanded Trot. "What's the joke?'

"Joke indeed. Ha, ha, ha! What d'ye know about that. Well, of all the gall—"

"Come on, let's hear it," said Trotsky impatiently.

"It's a joint not from a bunch o' them foreign powers demanding that we quit committing attrocities, otherwise the consequences may be serious—for you and I, Trot. See? Wouldn't that kill you!" said Nick, giving way to a fresh paroxysm of mirth.

"Who handed it in?" inquired Trot.

"It was delivered by the Swiss Ambassador," replied Nick, when he had recovered.

"Hadn't we better lock 'im up?"

"Who?"

"The Swiss guy. He's a bit of a gol-darned nuisance sometimes."

"No, oh no! better leave him alone. He's about the only one left. Guess we'd better reply to the pesky thing."

"All right," said Trot, "you fix it; I'm busy."

Nick seized a pen, and in less than a minute had completed the reply.

"Here it is Trot. Better sign it now."

"What have you said, Nick?"

"Oh, just this; 'Go to blazes, and mind your own darned business.' Ain't that good enough?"

"Sure, Nick; you're a peach! Let's have a drink over it," said Trot, as he reached for a bottle of Liquor Fermenti, having first attached his blood-red signature to the reply.

"No! I—shall—NOT—marry him."

CHAPTER VII.

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

"LOR' lumme, what's the row?" exclaimed Trot, as a noise of struggling and scuffling, accompanied by feminine screams issued from the corridor. Lenine rushed to the door.

"It's old Lop," he said, "dragging a woman along. I wonder what's the matter?"

"Suddenly a lady, shrieking and yelling, was pushed violently into the room, Lop followed immediately behind. She was well dressed, of middle age, rather plump, and of good appearance.

"I—I protest; I shall not obey the inquitous law," the lady shouted.

"Pray, be seated, Madam. Calm yourself. Shut the door, Lop. Now, what's the trouble?" said Lenine, addressing Lopemoff.

"It's like this, comrade," explained that worthy, "she calls herself a conscientious objector."

"A what?" demanded Trotsky.

"A conscientious objector, I said."

"What does she object to? Explain yourself, Madam!" demanded Lenine.

The lady could not, or would not reply, so Lop took it upon himself to explain.

"You know the matrimonial decree you guys has just issued—I mean that there law compellin' a woman to marry whoever the state nominates," he said.

"Yes, and what?" urged Lenine.

"Well, the Bureau of Matrimony decided that this 'ere dame should marry Comrade Billsikesovitch."

"Who's he?" demanded Trot.

"You know, comrades. Him as was appointed President of the Moscow Chamber of Horrors. You remember 'e used to pay visits to big private houses o' nights before the revolution."

"Oh yes, I remember," said Trot, casting a significant wink at Lenine.

"And who are you, Madam?" demanded the latter sharply

The lady, now the very picture of scorn, did not deign t reply.

"What's 'er name, Lop?" said Trot.

"She's the eldest daughter of the late Grand Duke Alexi Pompossky," Lop replied.

"Now, look 't here, kid," said Trot sharply, "there ain' going to be none of this insubordination business aroun this joint. When we makes laws, we mean them to b observed. So, I'll tell you what; I'll give you exactly a long as it takes Lenine and I to drink a couple of bottle of Vodka—"

"And me," interjected Lop.

"Yes, and Lop here, to drink two bottles each of vodka in which to make up your mind."

The lady remained rigid.

In two minutes the bottles were empty.

"Now, miss, what's your decision?" demanded Nick.

For a moment there was silence Then, rising from he chair, she made the dramatic and fatal announcement.

"No! I—shall—NOT—marry him!"

"All right," nonchalantly observed Trot, "It's your fun eral; not ours. Take her away; take her away. Lop 'e head off."

Screaming and struggling, she was dragged from the room by old Lop, Lenine slamming the door to, as they dis appeared.

"The idea!" he declared, "that she should decide who sh should, or should not marry!"

About five minutes afterwards, Trotsky suddenly begar to scratch his head and to mutter to himself.

"What's the matter, Trot?" queried his colleague.

Trot did not reply, but jumped from his seat, and rushed to the window.

"Hi, Lop," he shouted, "Are you there?"

"Yes, 'mrade," came a voice from below.

"Come 'ere; I want to speak to you," said the other.

"Say, Lop," said Trot, when his henchman arrived, "I noticed that that dame had a big diamond ring. Where i she now."

ENGLISH BRANCH

"In the garbage wagon," Lop replied.

"Better go down and bring me up that ring."

"All right, comrade," assented Lop.

He had been gone for scarcely five minutes when he returned. Tossing the ring—likewise the finger which it encircled—on the table before Trot, he said, "I tried hard to get it off. No good. This is the best I could do."

"All right; no matter, so long as you got it," smilingly remarked Trot, sticking the finger into his pocket and observing, as he did so, "Nice little surprise for Mrs. Trot."

CHAPTER VIII.

A STAGGERING BLOW.

"I'VE called a special meeting of the bunch for four o'clock, Nick," said Trotsky, as he set about arranging tables and chairs in preparation for the gathering.

"What for?" demanded Lenine.

"Oh, to discuss arrangements for the big day next month."

"I don't see the good of calling another meeting for that, Trot; haven't we made all the arrangements necessary?"

"Yes, I know we have. But, to tell you the truth, Nick, I had a 'phone message from Clubbemstiff today, and he tells me that a nasty hitch has developed. It was he who suggested the meetnig."

"Did he give you any inkling as to what the hitch was?"

"No; he said he would explain at the meeting."

"Strange! Oh, well, I guess it's all right," said Lenine. "They ought to be due here now. It's just five minutes to four."

At precisely two minutes to four the first member arrived, in the person of Comrade Cutteminheff, recently appointed Professor of Attrocity in the University of Moscow. Cut was followed by Comrade Billsikesovitch, representing the Associated Chambers of Horrors of Russia. Then came [illegible] Lopemoff, Trotsky's principal commissary. The [illegible]ing members, who arrived just on the stroke of four, were Comrades Clubbemstiff, Minister of the Bureau of Assassinations, and Clottingorky, Official Recorder.

"I knows what I'm talkin' about."

Trotsky, as chairman, ex-officio, presided. Having called the meeting to order, he requested Clubbemstiff to make his promised statement. Amid a scene of tense expectancy, 'Clubb,' as he was called by his comrades-in-blood, rose. His gravity of demeanour clearly indicated that he had something of momentous import to reveal.

"Comrades," he began, "for a whole month we have been engaged in formulating plans for the grandest, most extensive, most cruel, and most blood-curdling massacre on record —(Hear, hear! and applause)—a massacre, comrades, that was to knock humanity stiff! (Loud and prolonged applause). Well, comrades, I guess the game's off. (Consternation and cries of 'no, no!'). But yes, yes!" he vociferated, "I knows what I'm talkin' about!" (More interruptions).

"Order, comrades! Order!" bawled the chairman.

"Yes, I repeat, I knows what I'm talkin' about," Clubb continued, when the din had subsided. "There's no use going one step further, because," he slowly and deliberately announced, "THE SUPPLY HAS RUN SHORT."

"Supply? What d'ye mean?" asked the chairman.

"Bourgeoisie," he said. "THERE AIN'T ABOVE TWO HUNDRED LEFT IN ALL RUSSIA."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the chairman, "are you sure?"

"Sure? 'Course I'm sure. I sent out questionaires to every branch bureau in the country and the information I have given you is the result of them."

"'Ow many 'as been knocked out altogether?" queried old Lop.

"Lemme see," said Clubb, as he rummaged in his pockets, finally pulling out a dirty, crumpled piece of paper, "Twenty-seven million, five hundred and sixty four thousand and thirteen."

"Humph! Thirteen! unlucky number," growled Clottingorky, sullenly.

A painful silence ensued. Finally the chairman, betraying considerable agitation and depression, rose to his feet.

"Comrades," he began, "you've heard the report. It comes as a staggering blow to all of us. Think of the disappointment and sorrow it will bring to thousands of comrades all over Russia. And not alone in Russia will there be

dismay. Think of the terrible plight of the editors and correspondents of the great world's newspapers outside of Russia who will now be bereft of the fine 'copy' they have depended upon us to supply 'em with. Why, comrades, those unfortunate scribes may actually be compelled to draw upon their imaginations to the extent of INVENTING stories of massacres by the Bolsheviks. Comrades, I ain't a man as is much given to dread, but the thought of even one of them saintly foreign imperialistic journalists telling an untruth is enough to make my blood run cold! Again, comrades, just consider another deplorable phase of this here unfortunate business. Think of all them poor financiers and big business guys who have been depending upon Russia to furnish the 'awful example' of the result of agitating for better conditions. It's too bad, comrades. Can't one of you suggest something?" he pleaded, as he sat down.

There was a death-like silence; none ventured to speak.

Finally Cuttemineff rose to his feet.

"Comrades," he said, the tears streaming down his cheeks, "my heart bleeds for them poor editors. But what can we do? I've always held that when the big business press is driven to tell lies then we might look for the end of all things.

"Well, comrades, as there's nothing we can do, I move as we adjourn sine qua non."

"'Sine die,' you mean, fat 'ead!" snapped Lenine.

"All right; as you will. We ain't all so highly eddicated snobs as some people," sarcastically retorted Cut.

"'Second the motion," growled old Lop.

"All in favor?" said the chairman.

"Carried unanimously," he announced, as every blood-stained hand in the company went up.

One by one the disconcerted company left, leaving Nick and Trot to meditate in silence—a silence broken only by the sound of gulps as the vodka poured in two mighty torrents down the throats of the heroic arch-villains.

For five minutes they did little but stare straight ahead.

Lenine was the first to speak.

"Nice kettle o' fish," he snarled, "and all your fault, Trot."

"What d'ye mean? Say that again!" demanded the latter, springing to his feet and assuming an attitude both furious and threatening.

Lenine complied by repeating the soft impeachment.

Trotsky stormed and fumed with rage.

"Now, now; don't fly off the handle," carelessly urged his colleague, "you know very well that what I say is true. You were too confoundedly eager on this massacre business. I knew it would come to this."

"Knew, nothing!" roared Trot, "If you knew, why didn't you say so before?"

"That's my business. Besides you ain't the whole cheese works," observed Lenine with a sneer.

Trot made for the door. Turning to Lenine as he left, he said, with a look that augured ill for his worthy colleague, "YOU'LL HEAR MORE ABOUT THIS!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE TRAGIC SEQUEL.

TEN minutes later, two burly giants entered.

"What d'ye want?" demanded Lenine.

"You!" both simultaneously hissed.

With that they seized, gagged and bound him and carried him struggling away. As they deposited him in one of the prison cells and were about to lock the door, he succeeded, in spite of his bonds, in indicating that he desired to speak. One of the huskies undid the gag.

"What d'ye want," he whispered, "Trot's outside."

"See here! I'll give you half a million roubles apiece and the key to the vodka reservoir if you'll arrest Trot and chuck 'im in here beside me."

"Righto," replied his captor, at the same time loosening his bonds. In a short time the cell door opened and in bounded Trot, propelled thither by a big, hob-nailed boot. The struggle that ensued was brief. After a fierce exchange of blows, each handed the other, at precisely the same moment, a terrific upper cut. They staggered and fell unconscious.

CHAPTER X.

THE PRESS SUMS UP.

Next day the following illuminating report adorned the pages of the Anglo-Saxon dailies:—

ASSASSINS ASSASSINATED

Master Criminals Merit Just Reward.

Trotsky and Lenine Executed — Each by Order of the Other.

Stockholm, Jan. 6.—Reliable advices from Moscow convey the welcome news that the Bolshevik master criminals, Lenine and Trotsky, have been executed.

According to information which is absolutely authentic, it would appear that, late yesterday evening, at the end of another day of appalling slaughter of bourgeoise carried out on the orders of the two blood-crazed villians, a difference arose over the allocation of the contents of a safe which the two had rifled, after disposing of the owner in the customary Bolshevik fashion. The altercation resulted in the master assassins each giving secret orders to have the other executed. The The sentences were duly carried out.

LATER CABLE.

Stockholm, Jan. 6.—It transpires that Trotsky was executed by one, Amonzonita Knockemdedski, a woman the former had tried to poison, but who discovered the plot in time.

..His colleague, Lenine, was despatched by one Lopemoff, a criminal accomplice of Trotsky.

Eye-witnesses have corroborated the truth of the reports.

On the following day, the report was contradicted in terms as follows:—

ASSASSINS STILL AT LARGE

Reported Executions of Lenine and Trotsky False.

Substitutes Sacrificed for Political Reasons.

Copenhagen, Jan. 7.—Advices from Moscow go to show that Trotsky and Lenine are still alive and were not executed, as previously announced. It is stated on unimpeachable authority that innocent lives were butchered in their stead. Political motives are believed to underlie this extraordinary and characteristically Bolshevik procedure. Millions of dollars in German gold are said, on absolutely reliable testimony, to have been disbursed in the execution of this grand coup. This information is supplied by an American bank manager, who is travelling through Russia disguised as a Moujik, in order to study conditions with the view to future investment and exploitation of the country's vast resources, and is, therefore, obviously correct.

Copenhagen, later.—The American financier, who supplied the above details relates having been shown over three huge warehouses filled absolutely to overflowing with bullion paid to Lenine and his dastardly accomplice, by German agents.

On the same day, another report appeared, as follows:—

STARTLING NEWS FROM MOSCOW

Bolsheviks Launch Gigantic Propaganda.

Amsterdam, Jan. 7.—The Moscow correspondent of the "Meouw Amsterdammer" reports that the Soviet Government in Moscow has

launched a tremendous propaganda for the dissemination of Bolshevik doctrine.

Five million agents, each equipped with tons of inflammable literature and bushels of gold, are now on their way to all the chief industrial centres of the world. They are travelling under various disguises, chiefly as missionaries. Trotsky, himself, is believed to be among the latter, as he is known to have recently taken a course in theology, presumably in order to qualify for the job.

Oh! You Truthful Press!

THE END.

WORKERS PARTY OF CANADA
ENGLISH BRANCH

SP
PR9216
A56
M3
1919